THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."—JESUS CHRIST.

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THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF JULY IN SALT LAKE CITY.

(*From the Deseret Evening News.*)

The Twenty-fourth of July, 1847, must always hold a high place in the memories and the affections of the people who inhabit these valleys. It was on this day that the pioneers of the toil-worn and poverty-stricken pilgrims, who had been compelled, by ruthless persecution, to flee beyond the confines of civilization, found a place where they could dwell in peace, and, undisturbed, enjoy those rights of which they had been unjustly deprived. The bleak sterility of the country, its wild and forbidding features, and its remoteness, would have repelled a people differently situated to the Latter-day Saints. But its disagreeable features were, in our eyes, so many charms which made it desirable to us. The weary journey from Nauvoo to this Valley had occupied from February, 1846, to July, 1847. It was with a feeling of great relief and profound thankfulness, therefore, that the people heard the intelligence that a place had been found which they could call home, and in which they could settle and begin to accumulate around them the comforts to which they had been accustomed. Every difficulty we had to contend with was, we knew, an additional guarantee of security to us; for no one would envy us the quiet possession of a country which required incessant labor to make it habitable. With this view sterility, wildness, and remoteness were advantages, especially the latter, for in a country so far from the centres of population as this, mobs would find it more difficult than it had been in our previous places of residence to raise an excitement against us and come down upon and oust us from our possessions. No person who has not endured persecution and not been harassed and mobbed can fully appreciate the feelings with which this anniversary is welcomed and honoured by the Latter-day Saints. It is as if the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Fourth of July were welded into one.

THE PROCESSION.

About nine o'clock in the morning the procession was formed, headed by the national flag and Croxall's brass band. They were immediately followed by President Young and the Twelve Apostles. The pioneers followed, accompanied by wagons representing Utah as it was twenty-two years ago, with its stunted oak, its sunflowers, its sage brush, and its wild animals; other wagons followed, rich with fruits, flowers, and vegetables, the produce of our Territory as it has been improved by the hand of patient and unceasing industry. We also noticed in the procession companies representing the various ways of immigration that have been used in times past to reach this Territory; there was the old slow-going ox team, the lighter mule team, the handcarts with the weary toilers, who dragged them across the plains a dozen or more years ago, again in harness for one short

hour to show how the thing was done. Next came the representatives of the various orders of the priesthood, followed by the civil officers. Not far behind we noticed twenty-four young men with the national flag and twenty-four young ladies with banner; behind them the students of the University and the children of the various Sabbath schools, looking as beautiful and happy as the mind can well imagine. Next followed a few of the veterans of the Mormon Battalion mustered into the United States service July 16, 1846. Then two representatives of the pony express, followed by representatives of the various trades in succession.

The procession as a whole was very fine, being similar to that of the Fourth; but space will not admit of us particularizing to-day, and where all did so well, it would be invidious to do so, were we inclined.

By about 10 o'clock the procession and citizens, numbering about 6,000, were seated in the New Tabernacle.

On the stand were the First Presidency, Presidents Brigham Young, Geo. A. Smith and Daniel H. Wells; Elders W. Woodruff, Geo. Q. Cannon, Brigham Young, jun., and Jos. F. Smith, of the Quorum of the Twelve; President Joseph Young, R. T. Burton, H. W. Lawrence, S. W. Richards, Wm. Jennings, Heber P. Kimball, Committee of Arrangements; Elder Napela, of the Sandwich Islands; Mr. James Linforth, of the firm of Linforth, Kellog, and Rail, of San Francisco, and others.

The assemblage was called to order a few minutes past 10 o'clock, the services commencing with a song, by the choir, composed for the occasion, by Miss Eliza R. Snow. Prayer by the chaplain, Elder W. Woodruff, was followed by music from Captain Croxall's brass band.

The following remarks were then made by one of the pioneers,

COL. J. C. LITTLE.

Fellow Citizens,—We have met to celebrate the 22nd anniversary of the entrance into these valleys of the pioneers led by Brigham Young. Twenty-two years ago to-day, about 143 men, three females, and one additional family which joined the company at Fort Laramie, and two children, entered these valleys. To-day we number as many thousands. To recount the scenes through which the people have passed since that event would be impossible. We may, however, look at the wonderful effects of the work commenced by the pioneers on the 24th of July, 1847. It may be pleasant, considering the comfortable circumstances with which we are now surrounded, to refer to some of the causes and history of events which caused us to cross the trackless prairie and hitherto untrodden desert, unfrequented save by the bear, the buffalo, and the wild savage, to find a more congenial home and resting place for ourselves and the Saints who should follow after.

Many of you well remember the difficulties that occurred in those revolting scenes and fiery persecutions from the hands of unhallowed mobs at Nauvoo; you will remember with sadness the sanguinary and cold-blooded martyrdom of our lamented prophet and patriarch, Joseph and Hyrum Smith, June 27th, 1844—and our final expulsion from our homes and firesides in Illinois, when President Young and the Saints left Nauvoo and crossed the Mississippi on the ice in the beginning of the bleak month of February, 1846, wending their way through a sparsely settled country in Iowa to Council Bluffs, which they reached in the following month of June.

During this removal, President Young sent me an appointment at my residence, in Peterborough, New Hampshire, to gather up the Saints of the eastern branches of the Church and ship them round Cape Horn to California, and to take with us mill irons, farming implements, machinery, goods, &c. I was also instructed to operate, if possible, with the government of the United States to obtain ships to convey our people round by Cape Horn to California. In the summer of 1845, President Young and his council had directed a ship to sail from New York by that route, and the ship *Brooklyn*, under the direction of Samuel Brannan, did sail, on or about the 1st of February, 1846, with 230 souls on board. On the 20th of January I went to New York to help to get that vessel

off. This was the commencement of the pioneer movement to build up the Western Empire.

After the departure of this ship, the spirit of inspiration resting on me moved me to go to Washington. I procured letters of introduction from men of influence to members of Congress, and went to the national capital. I stayed there several weeks, and plead in a humble, quiet way for our people. Finally, I appealed, by letter, to the President of the United States, and within an hour received a communication, through Amos Kendall, to call upon him, which I did. I asked for freight of naval stores to California, to lessen the expense of chartering vessels for our poor. In answer to my appeal for help, President James K. Polk demanded five hundred of our men, that were then *en route* for Council Bluffs, to enter the service of the United States as a military expedition against Mexico, in California. I refused, at first, to entertain the proposition, but afterwards accepted it. While *en route* for Washington, at Philadelphia, I became personally acquainted with Col. Thos. L. Kane, who, since that time, has been known as our honoured friend and benefactor. He, at my request, came to Washington to assist me, and was appointed bearer of Government dispatches to General Kearney. We traveled together as far as St. Louis, and there we separated. He went up the Missouri river to Leavenworth, and thence to Council Bluffs, and I to Nauvoo, and thence across the country to Mount Pisgah and Council Bluffs, to meet President Young and council, riding alone through that country—then wild and desolate—200 miles in five days. I arrived at Pisgah and was carried forward by General C. C. Rich in his wagon. Soon after we started, we saw a great dust in the distance; we were at a loss to know what it was, but found, as we approached, a traveling escort with Presidents Young, Kimball, and Richards, coming out to raise the battalion called for through General Kearney's order to Lieut.-Col. J. Allen. Utah and California were Mexican soil at that time, and the call made on the Latter-day Saints was to assist in making a conquest of it for the United States. President Young immediately raised that battalion, and it was marched to Fort Leavenworth, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Allen, who was a worthy officer. He fell sick at that place and died. Previous to his death I received the following communication from him:—

"Head-quarters, Mormon Battalion.
Council Bluffs, July 20, 1846.

"Dear Sir,—Colonel Kane has informed me of your intended departure for the east, and of your desire that I would express to you my opinion concerning the character of the Mormon people, as derived from my observations among them on my present duties.

"I have been intimately associated with this people since the 26th ult., as my duty required in raising the battalion of volunteers now under my command.

"In the hurry of business connected with my immediate march from this place, I have only time to say that in all of my intercourse with the Mormons I have found them civil, polite, and honest, as a people. There appears to be much intelligence among them, and particularly with their principal men or leaders, to whom I feel much indebted for their actions and zealous exertions to raise the volunteer force that I was authorized to ask for, for the service of the United States.

"The President of the Council, Mr. Brigham Young, is entitled to my particular thanks.

"All of this people are entirely patriotic, and they have come with cheerfulness, but under circumstances of great difficulty to them, to enlist themselves in the service of their country.

"In my official report to the War Department, which I shall make on my arrival at Fort Leavenworth, I will speak more fully of the community of the Mormon people, or Mormon Church, and will here say to you that I think them, as a community and in their circumstances, deserving of a high consideration from our Government.—Very respectfully, your obed't. servant, "J. Allen,

"Lt.-Col. Com. Mor. Bat.

"To J. C. Little, Esq."

This command rendered the Government efficient service, and by their

indomitable spirit and invincible courage, unsupported by pecuniary aid or liberal rations, but trusting in the God of battles, they overcame obstacles almost insurmountable, and won the admiration of their commanding officer, Col. P. St. George Cook.

I parted with the battalion at Fort Leavenworth, and returned the same fall to Peterboro, N.H. President Young sent for me to come and help them to prepare a place for the Saints in the mountains. I came on and overtook them this side of Omaha, traveling by myself over three thousand miles. I came out here with the pioneers and returned the same season. We were led by the spirit of inspiration to this spot. I remember in our travels that circumstances would turn us, or perhaps suggest the propriety of turning in this or that direction. I remember at the Tar Springs, on Bear River, that Captain John Brown, now bishop at Battle Creek, and Miles Goodyear, a mountaineer, were sent with myself to look out a northern route to get in here. We came back and reported. But the President came this route.

We traveled in a track, from the Missouri river, that had not been broken, on the north side of the Platte. We were very scantily supplied with food. We had some little seed and some ploughs and implements, with which to put in that seed. On our arrival at North Platte river we found a company of emigrants to Oregon trying to get across. They had run in some of their wagons to swim them over with their cattle. The current turned them over, and, finally, our people got a contract to boat them across and made rafts for this purpose. By this means we obtained some flour, beans, and bacon, and a variety of things at States prices, which helped to sustain the pioneers in getting out here. As soon as we arrived here we commenced operations, and to-day we see the results. We built a fort in what is now known as the 6th Ward, bringing the timber and logs necessary to build it from the mountains. The blessings of God were sought on the land, the waters, and climate, that we might be able to produce enough to sustain ourselves.

We had been here a month and the pioneers had finished the work that it was necessary for them to do, and a portion started to go back, and on our way we met many of our brethren who were wending their way to this place. We arrived at Winter Quarters about the 1st of November, 1847. The history of what has occurred since that time cannot be written; the difficulties we have passed through cannot be told. Yet we have always been protected and preserved, guided, as it were, by the finger of God. He who has been faithful and prompt in the discharge of his duties can bear this testimony.

On the land occupied by this city, which is a picture of itself, there was nothing but crickets and wolves and naked Indians; it was a sterile desert; now it blossoms like the rose. The waters turned down on it from the mountains have enriched the land, and the blessing of God has caused it to bring forth in abundance for the sustenance of His people. It is true we have been from time to time troubled with crickets, grasshoppers, and Indians, yet our bread has been made sure, and we have grown and increased until we have become a host; where we had one inhabitant twenty-two years ago we have now nearly a thousand, and if we increase in the same ratio for twenty-two years to come, who can tell what our numbers will be? We seek to increase our race, the world to decrease; they will accomplish their ends, and so shall we. Our purposes are to build up the Kingdom of God, to make it strong, powerful, and mighty in the earth, which we shall do. The sons of the pioneers will accomplish what we fail to do, until the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our God and His Christ. The nucleus is already formed.

I rejoice that I am a pioneer. I am proud and happy that I have been called to labour. I have been called upon when it was not always convenient or agreeable, but I have never refused. This is the reason why I am here to-day. I am proud of my brethren; I am proud of our President who led us here, whose counsels have guided us since, and by which we have been so much blessed.

Brethren and sisters, let us rally to the standard of right. We have been

independent enough to come here, let us be independent enough to bear off the cause that brought us here. Remember the independence of our fathers; and let us, who are their children, be faithful to our trust, and exert ourselves to bring about the day of universal independence. Strong hands and stout hearts laboring faithfully in the cause of truth will do it. This is what has brought us the success that we already enjoy.

I do not wish to weary you with a long speech. I can only express to you my pleasure on this occasion to meet so many and to see so general a feeling of good-will and determined ambition to carry to a successful issue the great cause that lies nearest to the heart of every true Latter-day Saint.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS?

Long before maturity, anxious care will have intruded upon the mind of the father of the family as to what to do with his sons. Mr. Mills's domestic slave, the wife, has had, during the infancy and childhood of the children the larger share of the trouble. The schooling and education have thrown their weight upon the father; and the whole anxiety of setting them forward in life falls rightly upon the judgment of man. The difficulty of answering the question is greatly enhanced by want of an observant and a technical education. As a rule, almost every boy has a *penchant*, a determination towards some trade or profession, in which if placed he would thrive well. We may call this liking by various names when very strongly developed, as in the young Newton or Watt, it may be called *genius*. But we English have a strange way of putting round boys into square holes, and square boys into round ones—the fine young fellows who would have made admirable sailors, blundering at a merchant's account books, and excellent merchants and traders doing routine work in a ship which they detest. Happy, indeed, the man who sings at his work, because his heart is satisfied, and he has found out that which he wanted. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," that is a rule which will ensure happiness, because it ensures thoroughness; but the hand will never do with its might that which the heart does not approve and dictate.

Work, business, trade itself, properly carried on, is not degrading, but ennobling. We found that out in the time of Elizabeth; then the noblemen placed out their sons in the houses of the merchant adventurers, and the English ambassador at Venice was sent to learn, not so much the dark councils of the Republic, but the mode of making glass, so as to introduce it into England.

Howell, the traveller, a man of some position, and on friendly terms with the best people in England and a very large number of the nobility, was, in fact, a travelling commissioned agent for the same branch of industry. Unhappily both for the trade and our nobility,—we will scarcely call them our aristocracy,—this wise interchange was lost as soon as territorial power and riches became the leading impulse with them. The nobles went to their lands, the merchants to the city. One lived on the industry of their farmers, and by the improvements of the unrewarded sons of science; the others grew rich by traffic, in which there was but too often too little honour. Pride on both sides made the breach wider,—pride of purse on one side, pride of blood on the other. The noble repaired his shattered estate by marrying the daughter of the trader. Money was the sole object of one,—honour, falsely so called, of the other; and the estates of the realm, instead of being bound together, were separated. One could not at the same time be a gentleman and a tradesman, any more than he can serve God and mammon. By the decrees of the Heralds' College, any person engaged in traffic or merchandise lost the right to bear arms. The coat armour of the gentleman and the crest of knighthood were equally "lost in trade." Happily, we hope

that we can see a dawning of better times. Many noblemen are now connected with merchants and professions. The Duke of Argyll has already placed one son in trade, and promises so to settle others.

The first thing, then, to do with our sons—we are speaking to people in the middle classes—is to find out that which they will do best at. As Pope tells us, that even in making gardens we must "first consult the genius of the place," it is evident that our simplest duty is to consult the genius of the boy. Even in so simple a trade as picking pockets—and in sad truth it is a trade to which there are many apprentices—delicate hands and long fingers are considered the first necessity. Having due consideration to what the boy can do, it will be well to put him to some necessary handicraft. Shoes and hats, clothes and furniture, like houses to dwell in, will always be wanted, all over the world; and one who can make any of these well can always be sure of a living. The first thing he has to do is to learn to work earnestly and excellently,—not to sham, not to slur, not to do anything merely rapidly, but to do it well. It would astonish some weak minds to be set to calculate the pleasure which good work affords. There is a corner house in Hanover Square which gives an instance of this. Built in Queen Anne's time, the bricklaying is about as fine a piece of work as was ever done; the mortar, of extreme fineness, is of the same narrow width throughout; the bricks, each excellent in itself, of the same shape, size, colour, and hardness; the workmanship, as we have said, excellent. Architects, artists, and honest workmen will look at the outside of that house with pleasure, and will bring apprentices to look at it. The walls have never "settled" or "bulged," nor put their owner to expense; the whole work, as good as it can be, is essentially honest, and, in the satisfaction that it gave, must have repaid its doers a hundredfold. If Yorick's ghost was pleased by hearing, ten times a day, in every variety of tone, the epitaph "Alas, poor Yorick!" repeated, the spirits of the honest fellows who wrought the work must be happy indeed.

It will be well if boys be brought up to industries and manufactures rather than to any attempt to be place-holders. Clerks under Government, tide waiters, are official people who, upon a small salary, spend their lives in waiting for their own advancement by the death of others. Such men are perhaps the least happy of all. A certain income secures them from absolute want, but it does not give them scarcely an opportunity of marriage or any hope of advancement. The young fellow finds that his income is only enough for one, and that Government, in purchasing his services, is hardly mad enough to pay him for the non-services of a wife and children. Nor is the certainty of a man's income felt to be a benefit. On the contrary, the recipient loses the excitement of hope, ceases to be industrious, and becomes a drone, like a fellow at a college who, having crammed for his fellowship, lives content with forgetting what he has acquired, and in not adding to his learning.

Next to the industries are the professions, which some persons, chiefly mothers, most admire as being "so genteel." But these are, with few exceptions, miserably paid, while they are almost all full. Looking at the crowd of attorneys, doctors, barristers, authors, painters, clergymen, &c., the young man is almost tempted to cry out with the hero of *Locksley Hall*:—

> What is this, that I should turn to lighting upon days like these?
> Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys.
> Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.
> I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

But he must wait patiently, and the gate will open. In the professions, however, the struggle is very keen; practised intellect meets practised intellect; education, carried to the extreme, in its own way, meets with education. No wonder so many succumb, nor will a delicate conscience submit to the meannesses in the office of an attorney where its judgment of right and wrong must be continually warped by precedent and expedient. So long as equity and law are divorced things, and not the same, so long will law prove a success only—except in rare instances—to the unconscientious. As a rule, the professions are full, and

should not be embraced haphazard. When a man feels that he personally has a certain connection which will help his son in the world, when he is sure of a certain slow dogged talent in that son by which men alone rise, then he may be right in placing him in the profession of Law. Practically, this is what most men do; a boy thrown haphazard into such a business is a failure.

There remain, after these desultory remarks, one class yet upon which to remark, and that is the most difficult of all. There are boys that always, like little chickens, "come home to roost." The father cannot get rid of them, the mother is at her wits' end to find excuses for them. The boys themselves are ashamed of themselves; they never succeed, they don't know what to do; they try one trade, and then another, and they fancy, after all, their best way is to emigrate. Perhaps it is. Sad it may be to part with our children; but England has a noble belt of colonies; and these rough and many-sided fellows, who will not fit in everywhere, make capital colonists. When emigration is determined upon, it will be well to consult the fitness of the colony, and always well to set out in small companies. This was the Elizabethan plan. If a hundred young men and women, or a fair proportion only of the latter, were to make a common purse, and joining honestly under one elected head, were to buy in Canada, or Western America, or New Zealand, a sufficient tract of land, aiding each other, distributing the work fairly, and being content with a fair share of profit for the common stock, half the troubles and hardships of emigration would be avoided; home would be carried along with the emigrants; the high impulse of brotherhood and co-operation would supersede the selfishness of "getting on;" and "our boys at home" might look with envy on the free and happy citizens of a "little Britain" abroad.—*Family Herald.*

SANDWICH ISLANDS' SUGAR AND SYRUP.

Bro. Geo. Nebeker has shown us a specimen of his grades of sugar and syrup, which he has brought with him from the plantation of Laie, on the island of Oahu. These articles were produced by himself and those of our people who are with him. He has two grades of sugar—No. 1 and No. 2. No. 1 is a light straw color, and is sold as "grocery" sugar in California. We may be a little prejudiced in its favor, but we like its taste better than that brought from the East. It is made out of the best of cane, is unrefined, is very sweet and is clean. No. 2 is very dark, and is the grade which is furnished to the refineries. There is nothing unpleasant about its taste, only it smacks a little of molasses.

The syrup is of good quality, and we doubt not will sell well here. If it should not prove advisable to bring this article here in the future, Bro. Nebeker will extract the sugar (No. 2) from it, and sell it to the refinery, and dispose of the molasses. With the machinery which he has at Laie he can extract four pounds of sugar from a gallon of syrup; but with improved vacuum pans seven pounds can be obtained from a gallon. Of course, after this amount of sugar has been extracted the molasses is much inferior to the syrup; but it is bought in San Francisco and is manufactured into rum.

We can not at this time say what these articles can be sold at here; but we can say this much, that they will be sold at lower figures than we have known here. Bro. Nebeker is confident that he can supply this Territory with the article known as No. 1 at a lower rate from the Sandwich Islands than it can be brought here from any other point, and he hopes to make arrangements to furnish all that is necessary to supply the Utah market.—*Deseret News.*

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1869.

THE YOUNG.

In another place will be found a portion of an article from the *Family Herald*, upon the highly important subject of the boys who are growing up, the men and fathers of the future. It is a subject of great interest to everybody, especially to parents and guardians, and there are some good ideas in the article, making it well worth perusing. Good ideas are useful, and should be gleaned and treasured up in the storehouse of the memory, independent of the source of them. The connecting rubbish, should there be any, anybody can throw away.

Every person living has to be sustained by the efforts of some person, in temperate climates at least, and who more fit than himself to labor to sustain himself? Every able-bodied and sound-minded young man should learn this first principle—to labour for his own living, and not depend upon father or mother, or uncle or aunt, or brother or sister, or anybody richer or poorer than himself need be. There is no manliness, no excellence at all, in leaning like a broken reed upon others. The man or woman with an excessively weak back of that description is fit for little but to be a burden, an incubus, upon others, and if we might whisper a secret to such we would say that he or she is not very tenderly spoken of nor very highly respected by those who know him or her. Such persons are apt to think there are an unaccountable number of cold shoulders in the world.

There is nothing dishonorable, degrading, or unhealthful in labor. On the contrary, it is honorable, healthful, invigorating, and elevating, if it is followed judiciously. When we have labored for anything, we know the value of it. The person who labors prudently, with body and mind, is a useful member of society—useful to himself and to others. He enlists in the God-like business of creating, and becomes a co-worker with God. Wherever he goes the earth and the things which are thereupon manifest his presence and are the better therefor. Labor develops, brightens, increases and perfects our own powers and capabilities. It does this independent of other reward, which however seldom fails to come, sooner or later, and in greater or less degree. There is also a peculiar blessing attendant upon those species of labor which are more strictly creative, in contrast with those which are merely distributive. The cultivator of the soil, the architect, the machinist, who produces a work of art and skill, feels a greater and nobler satisfaction of soul in view of the thing he has created, than does the merchant or the miser in counting over his heaps of gold. And when the creative power is manifested in the re-production and development of one's own race, the satisfaction is supreme, as every honest father and mother well know. The creative species of labour, then, are the purest, most noble, and most satisfactory of all. The contemplation of really

good work, of one's own head, or fingers, or body, affords more genuine, substantial, permanent satisfaction than anything else we can think of, and the man or the woman who dawdles or dissipates through life, knows not the most exquisite pleasure which pertains to life.

To be competent to earn one's own livelihood, and to do so in a legitimate and honorable manner, is the first step towards true independence, and this step every young man and every young woman, if possible, should learn and take boldly.

"What shall I learn to work at?" says the youth. Work mainly at that for which you are most fitted and for which you have most taste. You will do more good at that than at anything else, as a general thing. Do something, make something, that will be useful to somebody. Whatever your hands find to do, do it with all your might, and to the best of your ability. Doing our best is the royal and only road to do better still. No man is ashamed of good work. On the contrary, he is laudably proud of it. Good, honest work is no backbiter, but it is a perpetual pean in honor of the worker, both before his face and behind his back, and it will not lie to please anybody.

One thing more. Society is in such a condition that what are called working men, as well as some others, are compelled to work long days, and constantly, at one particular kind of labor, unduly and unhealthily developing one portion of the man and dwarfing the other, and thus injuring the race. This is not good, yet a practicable way to remedy it extensively seems difficult to discover, especially in this country. The most that can be done at present, perhaps, is for every man, as far as he can, to work at more than one kind of labor, and at such opposite kinds as he has a taste for. Excessive mental labor induces undue development of the brain, at the expense of the body. Excessive labor with the body induces undue development of the body, at the expense of the intellect. Excessive labor of any kind, mental or physical, tends to weaken the vital power and benumb the emotional faculties. Laziness rusts both body and mind, and tends to unduly develop the passions. Dissipation wastes away both body and mind, sometimes with slow decline, and sometimes with galloping consumption.

The true system of labor is that which develops the whole man—mental and physical, vital and emotional. The harmonious development of all the powers and capabilities is the thing to be aimed at, for harmonious development alone constitutes the perfect man, still leaving to each individual his manifest characteristics, which prepare him to fill certain positions more satisfactorily than others. If we cannot pursue the best system to the extent that we wish, let us follow it as closely and as far as we can. J. J.

THINGS IN UTAH.

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Our latest advices from Utah represent that although the grasshoppers had visited most of the counties of the Territory more or less heavily, yet an abundant harvest of breadstuffs and of different kinds of vegetables had been secured, or was likely. This is a matter for much thankfulness, manifesting that the Lord is dealing mercifully and indeed liberally with Zion. It is several years since

there was a very heavy harvest of grain in the Territory generally, and the stocks in store had dwindled down considerably. Previous to the present harvest, few persons had grain on hand beyond immediate wants, say a year or two's supply for their families, but the number of such cases was very few. Now that another plentiful harvest has come, the Lord in His providence has also seen fit to close the usual avenues of outside sale for grain and flour. This circumstance can be turned to the benefit of the Saints in Zion, for they can thereby have a very good opportunity of replenishing their bins liberally, with prospect of their staying replenished a little longer than they have of late years, so that there may be something on hand against a possibly more severe attack of grasshoppers or anything else producing scarcity. It is not a bad idea to have plenty of bread in the house, because we do not know precisely what a day may bring forth, and bread is a thing which everybody is certain to need, whether he gets it or not.

In the eastern portion of the United States the summer has been unsually wet and cool, in Utah and California it has been unusually dry and hot. Large quantities of rain, however, fell in Utah in May and some in June, and that helped the crops much. Since then irrigation has been more needed, especially by the late crops, than has been the case for a few years previously, and the water in the streams and swamps has been lower also. It is quite possible that next winter in the mountains will be a more dry and severe one than those of the last two or three seasons, as those were comparatively changeable, stormy, and wet. A dry, settled, cold winter is more favorable to teaming and other out-door work than a wet one is, and fuel is likely to be cheaper too, because it can be more easily obtained. J. J.

DEPARTURES.—The steamship *Minnesota*, Captain Price, sailed from this port for New York, on Wednesday, the 25th instant, with 443 souls of the Saints on board, under the presiding care of Elder Marius Ensign. Elders P. D. Lyman, J. F. Hardie, J. Sharp, M. F. Farnsworth, J. W. Lee, H. J. McCullough, J. F. Gibbs, E. A. Noble, and G. H. Dunford, returning missionaries, were also on board. These brethren, with the exception of Elder G. H. Dunford, who became sick immediately on his arrival here, have labored energetically and faithfully in the performance of the duties of their missions, and they return home with the blessing of the Almighty to continue their labours in building up the kingdom of God. We wish them and the Saints with them a safe, speedy, and pleasant journey to the valley of the Salt Lake.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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AMERICA.

Salt Lake City, Aug. 1, 1869.

Elder Carrington.

Dear Brother,—I have been intending to write you for several days, but when opportunity offered it has slipped my mind.

Myself and family are nicely located at what I am pleased to call "Cadean Farm," and with the blessing of a large and healthy family and an excellent prospect for a bounteous harvest, despite the swarms of grasshoppers which cover vegetation.

On my return from a short tour through Wasatch County, I found the

locusts were paying me a visit, but on examination found my wheat, oats, corn, and potatoes were too far towards maturity to admit of being damaged much by these pests. According to the best information I have, the 'hoppers have visited a large number of settlements south of this city and are leaving our vicinity and still bearing northward. The damage sustained by the inhabitants of this county is trifling, compared with the ravages which have been made in Cache County, and yet there they will have sufficient bread for their own support. I have never seen such crops as we are now harvesting, and the President is laboring faithfully to have the people take care of the abundance which God has given.

The markets which we have formerly had for our produce are, to all intents and purposes, closed. Flour has been imported from east and west and sold at remunerative prices, but this can scarcely occur again. I believe the people will store up their grain, for the prospect is that the locusts will favor portions of our land with a heavy deposit of eggs, which, taken in connection with the warnings which we have and are receiving, will be likely to induce the people to take care of their grain.

A few days since, the President, when returning from Provo, met a company of emigrants, who were *en route* for Payson. He drew up for a few moments and accosted one of the brethren, who seemed to accompany them and with whom he was acquainted, and asked the question, "Are these people gathering up to Zion?" The elder replied, "That was their design in leaving their homes." President Young again asked, "Do they, the people, know what constitutes Zion?" The elder replied, "I don't think they do."

While the President was speaking to-day in the Tabernacle, he referred to this conversation and to the Scriptures, where God's word declares that the pure in heart have Zion within them, and Zion can only be built up by the pure in heart, be they ever so few or many.

Father is in good health and spirits. So, also, are brothers Geo. A. Smith and D. H. Wells.

Small-pox has made its appearance, and I am satisfied that some of our brethren caught the seeds of this horrible disease at Echo City, and have communicated it to several other parties, but it is now effectually quelled and confined to one location.

My health is excellent, and I trust you are enjoying good health. May the blessing of God continue with you, is the prayer of your brother,

BRIGHAM YOUNG, Jun.

Boston, August 3, 1869.

Albert Carrington, Esq.

Dear Brother,—After so long a time, permit me to tell you I am still alive. The U.P.R.R. is finished, but I have been so very busy since I commenced on it until now, that I have not had time to drop you a line. Although I have been very busy in doing the work, the worst part of it is to be done yet, that is, getting our pay. President Young has sent me to Boston to effect a settlement of his claims with the U.P.R.R. Company. I have had an interview with the Vice-President and some of the board of directors, and I can assure you they had no flattering news for me, so far as money is concerned, in the settlement, but they offered us railroad iron enough to lay our Utah Central branch to Salt Lake City. We need the iron, but we also need some money badly, for this great labour has made a very heavy draw on all business men in our city, as well as the farmer and labouring classes. The President and board of directors, however, have agreed to meet on Thursday next to investigate our claims, and try to come to a settlement, when I do hope the Lord will open up some way that we may get some money, although I do not believe we shall be able to get a final settlement for some time yet, and I shall have to stay here till we do. Brother John Taylor is along with me, presenting some of his own claims. We have got considerable credit for the manner in which we prosecuted and finished our work, but we now want some pay.

I have been with Brother W. C. Staines, who has just returned from England with a ship load of Saints, and have seen them take the cars for the west, all well.

I have not been much in Salt Lake City since you left, and I am not able to say one word about your family. I enjoy very good health, as usual, and I would like to hear from you, if it would not be asking too much. My address is, American House, Boston, and will be for some time.

Your Brother in the Gospel,
JOHN SHARP.

New York, August 10, 1869.

Prest. A. Carrington.

Dear Brother,—I am happy to inform you that we have arrived in safety at New York. We have had a very prosperous voyage, and have realized that the hand of the Lord has been over us for good. We have experienced the greatest kindness at the hands of the ship's company. Mr. Davis, the chief officer, and Mr. McCaskie, the head steward, have exerted themselves to make our company as comfortable as they possibly could. Indeed, we could not have asked them to be more kind and obliging than they have been. Captain Williams is a gentleman. Our trip has been a pleasure trip, notwithstanding we had considerable seasickness when we started, in consequence of coming into what is called a "chopping sea," produced from the effect of a gale that occurred about the time we left Liverpool.

The brethren have been one with me in laboring for the welfare of the Saints. We have held meetings on Sabbath, and on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. We have also had two or three concerts. The strictest attention has been paid to good order and cleanliness, for which we have been complimented.

At a meeting that we held the evening before we left the ship, it was resolved that a committee be appointed to express our satisfaction with the conduct of the stewards, which was drawn up and presented to them the next morning.

I feel very grateful to be enabled to report so favourably. We are all well and in good spirits. We expect to leave here in the morning.

The brethren join me in kind regards to yourself and all associated with you in the ministry. Wishing you every success,

I remain,
Yours faithfully.
JOHN E. PACE.

SWITZERLAND.

Sihlhalle Aussersihl, Zürich,
August 1, 1869.

President A. Carrington.

Since writing you last, some changes have taken place here, in consequence of the release and departure of brothers Richards and Ursenbach from their labours in this Mission. Brother G. H. Snell has been appointed to labor in the Jura district. He has been at St. Imier since shortly after his arrival, and he will remain there until able to make some little use of the German *Sprache*. Brother L. M. Grant has succeeded W. B. Richards in the Bern Conference, and I have been appointed to travel in and preside over the Eastern Conference, still retaining my duties at the office.

After spending a week with me, brother Snell left Zürich on the 7th ult. and went to Bern, where he met brothers Maeser and Richards. The following day brother Grant and myself left Zürich and travelled together, in the Eastern Conference, for five or six days, and then brother G. left me at Winterthur, to assume his labors at Bern, and I continued my march through my district. I was absent from Zürich less than three weeks, visiting nearly all the branches (12) under my jurisdiction, in some places being able to hold meetings, while at others I was obliged to pass them by, trusting to a more fitting opportunity to assemble with the Saints.

My trip, though fatiguing, has been of great interest and satisfaction to me. To find so generally the spirit of love, union, and progress with the Saints truly gave me cause to rejoice. Those with whom I had spent "childhood's days" (in the *Deutsche Sprache*) were pleased to meet me, now that I am able to give utterance to a few broken sentences in their mother tongue, and need I say I was pleased to meet with them? The Saints here merit special commendation for their acts of kind-

ness and untiring patience towards the Elders, who for months must play the part of dumb students on their introduction to the Continental portions of the Mission. They tell me now that the presence of a valley Elder is sufficient requital of their hospitality. Here, as elsewhere, the Saints are looking forward with sanguine expectations to the coming emigration, hoping that at least some will be emancipated from their poverty-stricken and oppressed condition, that they may once breathe freedom's air. May kind Providence grant their humble prayer.

Sunday, 25th ult., I was at Fürstenau, where I held meeting with the Saints, and our humble meeting-room was visited by a couple of Methodist preachers, I believe. My impressions lead me to believe their visit was more for the sake of curiosity than information respecting the word of life. After one of the brethren had finished speaking, the eldest of the two gentlemen intruded some question, and mentioned Utah and its customs; also spoke of President Young and one of his sons, &c. He was evidently on the wrong road. I interrupted his remarks by taking the floor. I began speaking by informing the gentleman that I was a son of that great man, "Brigham Young;" that I had lived in Utah for several years, and was well versed in "Mormon" habits and customs. I knew the integrity of the Mormons and their frugality, their aims, their hopes, and their ambition; that I had been called on a mission to these lands to bear a humble testimony to all who came within our circle; and that the Mormon creed was philanthropic. In the most fitting German terms that I could command, I bore testimony to the truth of the great Latter-day work, and endeavoured to show them the fallacy, in even entertaining a hope of returning to the presence of God, without complying with His conditions—faith on the Lord Jesus Christ, repentance, and baptism by one holding authority of God. Some three or four of the brethren then bore corroborative testimony and we closed our meeting. I then had some little talk with our visitors, and found more toleration than I had dared to hope for. I think their visit will aid to slacken the bands of bigotry and prejudice which have existed to so great a degree in the past.

On the 4th brother Maeser returned. He is alive now with business of the emigration.

I trust, brother Carrington, you will not forget your long-promised visit to "Schweizer Brüdern." Brothers Maeser, Grant, and Snell, and myself, with local Elders, are enjoying good health and jubilant spirits.

Believe me ever your brother,

H. Young.

ENGLAND.

5, Lawrence-street, Sunderland,
August 10, 1869.

President A. Carrington.

Dear Brother,—We are getting along very well here in the north of England, in the Lord's vineyard. We have been very busy of late, holding out-door meetings, which have been well attended. The people generally pay very good attention to what we have to say to them. Some will acknowledge that the Gospel that we preach unto them is the plan of salvation, but they dare not embrace the same, for their popularity is at stake. Still there are a few who are honest, and have the moral courage to come out in the face and eyes of the world and receive the truth. We have baptized a few of late, which causes us young Elders to take courage and go forth and lift our voices, trusting in God that the people in this part of His vineyard may be left without an excuse in a day to come, for we realize that our message will either prove a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death.

I am pleased to still state that the Saints have not forgot your good counsel. To be sure we have a few that are not what they profess to be. We are hunting them out, and when patience and forbearance cease to be a virtue, we will drop them. I am glad to see that the time is so near when this half-way business will not do, and when the dividing line will be drawn. Those that are on the Lord's side will have to come out and show themselves. I feel well in my labors, and wish to do all that I can to roll on the great work of the Lord.

With kind love to all in the office, in which Brothers John W. Lee and George join, and ever praying God to bless you with every needful blessing,

I remain,

Your Brother in the Gospel,

EDWARD A. NOBLE.

Newcastle, August 13, 1869.

President Carrington.

Dear Brother,—I am on my travels with Brother Noble, and am well pleased with the Saints so far, and with the country. The condition of the Conference is good, so far as I can understand. I think I shall like the place of labor well. The only thing I can see that is needed is for me to be faithful in keeping the commandments of God and the counsels of His servants.

We shall hold two out-door meetings here on Sunday, as per appointment. I believe the work is on the increase in this part, and a good feeling exists among the Saints. They greatly desire to go to the valley, as is common among the people in all parts of England where the Saints are located.

Yours in the Gospel of Peace,

GEORGE H. PETERSON.

Liverpool, August 23, 1869.

President A. Carrington.

Dear Brother,—Having been released to return to my mountain home, I take pleasure in penning you a few lines to report my labors. I can say I have had great joy in laboring in the Conferences where I was appointed, and have striven to the best of my ability to discharge my duties as a messenger of truth, and to bear my testimony, both in public and private, whenever opportunity presented itself. I return home with thankfulness to know that my labors have been accepted. The Lord has been kind to me, for which I thank and praise Him, and to Him is due all the honour for what good I may have done. I have ever striven, in connection with my brethren, to teach the Saints those things we know to be true. I have made many kind friends among the Saints and strangers where I have been, and the blessings pronounced upon my head by Brother Cannon, before I left home, have been fulfilled. I pray earnestly for the welfare of Israel and for the spread of truth, and desire to live to see the kingdom of God triumph, and all Israel redeemed.

Praying the Lord to continue His blessings upon you, and all who labour for Zion's cause,

I remain, as ever,

Your Brother,

M. F. FARNSWORTH.

Green-street Green, near Chislehurst, Kent, August 13, 1869.

President Albert Carrington.

Dear Brother,—I am glad to say that we had a good time last Sunday, at a village called Stalisfield, about nine miles from Faversham. Most of the Saints from the latter place were there, so with the two branches and quite a number of strangers, we had a large assembly on a nice green spot by the road side, the sisters and strangers being furnished with chairs. I have never been to a better out-door meeting in England, the Saints and strangers did truly enjoy themselves. We staid out of doors until dark, and then repaired to the house of Brother and Sister Miller, of whose hospitality hundreds of Saints and those of the Valley Elders have enjoyed. I often say God bless all such, and I know that He will. After attending to other business in this branch, self, Barton and Price, with the Faversham Saints, left, with the good wishes of all, and the hope that ere long we might pay them another wholesale visit. Well, we were all fully satisfied with our daily labours, from which I feel confident that we shall gather some good fruit.

No man but a Mormon Elder on his mission can feel the happiness I enjoy, and I never feel so well as when I am preaching the Gospel of Christ to the world, and exhorting the Saints to be faithful. I often think how foolishly I spent my time ere I came on my mission. Often do I read my blessing, and compare it with circumstances as they come along, and I am led to exclaim—Truly are God's ways higher than our ways, and His thoughts than ours. I feel prouder of the Latter-day work every day, for I know it is the power of God unto salvation, and in no other way can man gain eternal life. I often thank God for my mission, for it has truly been my salvation,

and I ever pray that I may always respond to the call of our chieftain, President Young, and those over me.

I paptized six persons last Saturday night, and two a few days before. It was a happy time, and all felt the power of God, for His holy Spirit was there. It was to me and all a beautiful sight to see so many willing beings all drest in white, standing by the stream, whose banks are covered with beautiful green grass. So you see, by the help of the Lord, we are gathering one of a family and two of a city. I always feel it my duty to keep you posted, and I know that it affords you pleasure to hear of the cause of truth.

Brothers Barton and Price are now in Dover, and will stay there over Sunday. I shall stay here until Monday, and then travel on.

Brothers Jackson and Saints join me in love to you. Ever praying God to bless you and all in the office,

Yours in the Gospel.

JAMES NEEDHAM.

UTAH NEWS.

From the Salt Lake *Telegraph* we glean the following :—

Bishop C. W. West and lady returned, July 28, from their visit to San Francisco, having enjoyed themselves very much in the Golden State. The Bishop looked much better and his health was much improved.

Ogden, which is often blessed with cool breezes, had been enjoying, as had other parts of the Territory, some rather hot weather, the mercury running up to 90 deg. in the shade and 145 deg. in the sun. Vegetation, however, was suffering little, the liberal early summer rains having given it an excellent start.

Much of the grading for the Utah Central R. R. was done, and the pile driver was erected at the crossing of Weber River. A month's work after harvest would finish the grading.

A Washington dispatch of 23rd July says :—"The Union Pacific yesterday received 640,000 dols. in Government bonds for twenty miles, ending the thousand and twentieth mile from Omaha. About fifteen miles more will bring the subsidy to Ogden. Both Cox and Boutwell are entirely convinced of the company's doing the fair thing, and mean to put the road immediately in first-class order."

The *Telegraph* of 29th July announces that as the last number to be published at Ogden, with the view of removing the establishment back to Salt Lake City, and recommencing publication there, as a morning paper.

The Rio Virgen *Times* of June 30th says that the day previous, while a gale was blowing, the shoe shop of Jos. Orton caught fire through a pile of dry wood at the back, and, with outbuildings, and some of the vegetables, trees and vines in the garden, was burned up. The wind blew the fire across the lot to the stack and sheds of Brother Wells, which were also consumed. Damages near 1,000 dols.

A Philadelphia paper says—"We held a pleasant chat yesterday with Mr. Warren N. Dusenbury, of Salt Lake City, who has now been out for two years on a proselyting tour. He is an intelligent and pleasant American gentleman, and wouldn't frighten the most violent opponent of Mormonism. He gave us a pretty full exposition of the faith of the Latter-day Saints, and though he didn't make a convert of us, we certainly hope his church may do all the good he thinks it will. By the way, Mr. D.'s mother was a Coray, a resident of this county, and danced many a night in the old Sloeum house. The Mormons, evidently, are not all foreigners."

The following are from the *Deseret News* :—

Miss Bessy Ellis, 20th Ward, Salt Lake City, committed suicide by taking half a teaspoonful of strychnine, August 1. She resisted all efforts to neutralize the effects of the poison, declaring she had determined to end her life. Disappointment in love was the reported cause. Miss Ellis was about 16 years old, and a native of London.

The infant son of Thomas M. and Lizzie Murphy, of Morgan City, was instantly choked to death by a small piece of potato, which he was eating, lodging in his windpipe, in consequence of his being taken with a fit of coughing.

At Draper, July 20, William Coaster, son of Joseph C. and Elizabeth Reid, was drowned by falling into a tub of water. The child was nearly a year and a half old.